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MAR. 20, 1957

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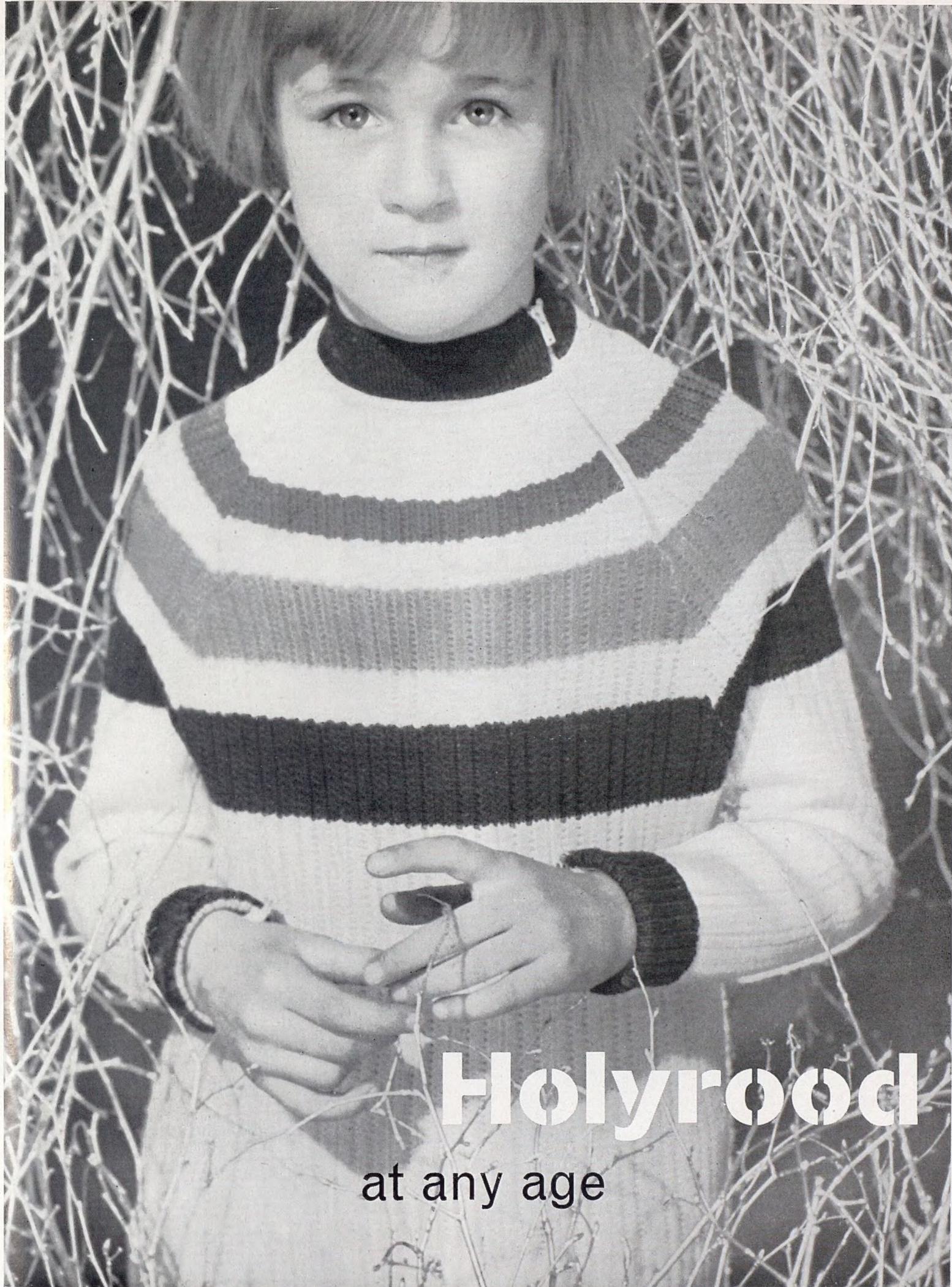
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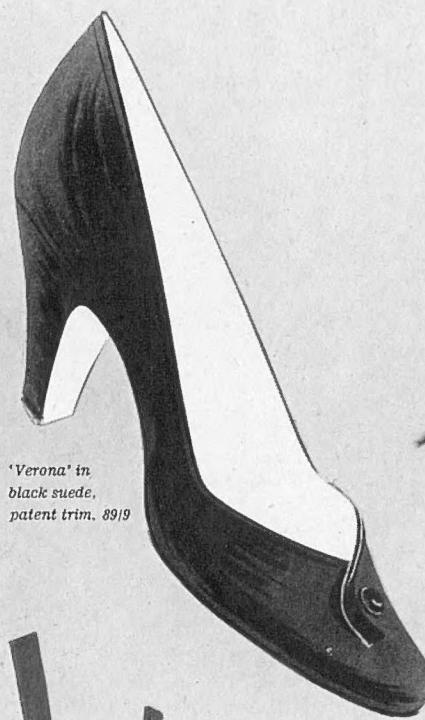
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MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK: SHE'S CRAWLED AROUND THE WORLD

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From March 20 to March 27



LADY ANGELA CECIL is the daughter of the sixth Marquess of Exeter; her mother, Lady Mary Burghley, is a sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Angela was a debutante last year and had a coming out dance at Claridge's. She likes skiing, gardening, stamp collecting and reading, and speaks fluent French, German and Italian; she lives with her mother at Kingsmoor, Sunningdale, in Berkshire.

Mar. 20 (Wed.) Squash Rackets: Open Championships of British Isles (to March 25), Lansdowne Club.

Badminton: All England Championships (to March 23), at Wembley.

Shire Horse Show on Derby Racecourse.

Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park and Worcester.

Mar. 21 (Thu.) Cocktail party: Mrs. Brotherton and Mrs. Scott-Miller for Miss Anne Brotherton at Londonderry House.

The Horse and Hound Ball at Grosvenor House.

Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park, Nottingham, Wincanton and Woore.

Mar. 22 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip will visit Reading University.

Sussex cattle Spring Show and Sale, Ashford, Kent.

Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Ball, at Kirtlington Park, Oxford.

Steeplechasing: Grand Military Meeting at Sandown (two days), and Manchester.

Mar. 23 (Sat.) Rugby Football: The Army v. Royal Air Force at Twickenham.

France v. Wales in Paris.

Hockey: England v. South Africa at Reading, Berks, and Scotland v. Ireland at Inverness.

Tideway Head of the River Race (Putney), on the Thames.

Founder's Day at Harrow.

Point-to-Points: Buccleuch and Jedforest Hunts at Friarshaugh, Kelso; Sir W. W. Wynn's Hunt at Overton Hall, Malpas; West Warwickshire Farmers', at Alcester Heath, near Alcester;

York and Ainsty Hunts at Acomb near York;

Essex and Suffolk Hunt at Newton Green,

Sudbury; Hertfordshire Hunt at Friar's Wash,

near Harpenden.

Steeplechasing at Sandown, Manchester, Newcastle, Taunton, Uttoxeter and Downpatrick.

Mar. 24 (Sun.)

Mar. 25 (Mon.) Squash Rackets: Last day of British Open Championships, Lansdowne Club.

Boxing: Amateur Boxing Association Junior Championships at the Royal Albert Hall.

Opening of the flat racing season at Lincoln (three days).

Steeplechasing at Plumpton and Worcester.

Mar. 26 (Tue.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will attend a Gala Performance by the Royal Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

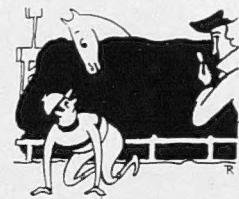
Golf: Open Foursomes at Sunningdale.

Cocktail Party: Mrs. F. St. George for her daughter, Miss Diana St. George, at the Cavalry Club.

The London Ball at the Dorchester.

Flat racing at Lincoln.

Mar. 27 (Wed.) Hunters Improvement Society Competition Thoroughbred Stallion Show at Derby Racecourse.



International Poodle Club's Championship Show, Seymour Hall, London.

Heythrop Hunt point-to-point races at Fox Farm, near Stow-on-the-Wold.

Cocktail Parties: Mrs. T. Newman for Miss Priscilla Newman; The Hon. Mrs. James Philpott and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley for Miss Daphne Philpott and Miss Nicolette Kindersley, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Flat racing at Lincoln.

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Godfrey Cade

Two sisters with their guinea-pigs

CELIA AND HENRIETTA KNIGHT are the daughters of Major H. G. B. Knight, M.C., and of Mrs. Knight, of Lockinge Manor, near Wantage; Henrietta was ten years old last December and Celia is seven. Their mother is the second

daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Loyd, of Lockinge, and a sister of Countess Clanwilliam. Their father, who has served with the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Lt.-Col. Frederick Guy Knight, M.C., of The Oaks, Queniborough, Leicestershire

NEWLY COME TO LONDON

MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY (centre), wife of the newly arrived American Ambassador, is seen with her two daughters, Miss Kate Roosevelt and Mrs. Anthony di Bonaventura, and her young grandchildren Christopher and Andrea di Bonaventura



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE TURF'S SUPREME PATRON

NEXT Monday sees the start of flat racing, of which there is no greater supporter than the Queen. Her Majesty takes the keenest interest in the breeding of bloodstock (one of our great exports these days) and horse racing in this country, and already several good winners have been bred at the Royal Stud at Sandringham. Foremost among these is Aureole, so far the best horse to carry Her Majesty's colours, who won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot and was second to Pinza in the Derby. He now stands at stud at Sandringham.

Many readers will join me in wishing our wonderful young Queen a very successful season, with the hope that she may win many good races with her home-bred horses in training with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort at Newmarket, and her National Stud-bred horses with Mr. Noel Murless, also at Newmarket.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends in Jamaica I hear that they have been having their usual glorious weather and a very gay winter season. The Duke of Norfolk's cricket XI has had a big welcome wherever it has gone. This tour was largely arranged by Mr. Karl Nunes, whose home is in Jamaica. He is a famous West Indian cricketer and President of the Jamaica Cricket Board of Control. The Duke of Norfolk flew out to join the team before its opening match, which was played at Prospect, Ocho Rios, the lovely home of Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell, where the Duke of Norfolk was their guest.

Another guest staying there for the match was Lord Cobham, a fine cricketer and a former President of the M.C.C., who is the Governor designate for New Zealand. During their stay they were able to enjoy swimming from the Mitchells' private Frankfort Beach, which Sir Winston Churchill used when he was lent Prospect one winter.

Another big event in this district was the St. John Ball at Shaw Park Hotel, which was a tremendous success. The ball made a clear profit of £650 (a record for Jamaica), which is going towards the new St. John headquarters in Ocho Rios. As usual, Lady Mitchell was the force behind the splendid organization of this ball, with an active

committee including Lady Ronald Graham, Mrs. Robin Stuart, Mrs. Rodwell, and Lady Brownlow, who arranged a very gay evening, including an excellent cabaret organized by Idris Evans, the entertainment director at Shaw Park. Sir Harold Mitchell, who is a Knight of St. John, and Lady Mitchell had a big party for the ball, including another Knight of the Order, Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Jamaica, who very sportingly flew up to Ocho Rios in his private aeroplane after playing in a polo match at the other end of the island, to be present at the ball. Lord and Lady Monson came up from their home at Montego Bay, and Capt. and Mrs. Harrison Wallace came over from their old family home at Fort George, Annotta Bay.

OTHERS visiting this part of the island this winter include the Marquess of Northampton, who was staying at Shaw Park Hotel; he has farming estates at Orange Valley and Harmony Hall, and has some of the finest Aberdeen Angus cattle in Jamaica. He was among the prizewinners at the Frome Cattle Show this winter. Lord Brownlow also farms around his home, Roaring River, near Ocho Rios. He and Lady Brownlow have had a succession of friends staying with them in their lovely home this winter. Incidentally, a few weeks ago when mentioning Roaring River I described it as belonging to Earl Beatty instead of Lord Brownlow. I would like to say that neither of these charming friends made any fuss over my mistake, or even drew my attention to the slip! But in case anyone who read that paragraph is now under the wrong impression, I meant to say "Lord Brownlow's home, Roaring River, is one of the most beautiful on the Island." The Earl and Countess of Mansfield have been at their home, Cheireras, also near Ocho Rios, and Mr. and Mrs. Cazalet-Keir staying at Out-of-the-Blue, near Discovery Bay, where their guests have included her niece, Miss Sheran Cazalet.

The Hon. Hiley Bathurst and his attractive wife have been staying at Shaw Park, as have Sir Harry and Lady Methuen, who came out on the Cunard luxury liner Caronia, also Mr. and Mrs. Herman Andreae and Lady Moncrieffe. Among Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell's many guests staying at Prospect this winter, besides the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Cobham, have been Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Currie, who after being stationed two years in Washington took

a holiday in Jamaica before returning to England, the American author and commentator, Mr. H. V. K. Altenborn and his wife, Major Abbey and his daughter, Mrs. John Oram, who were there early in the winter (he has bought the Belleair property from Sir Harold), and Mr. James Harvie-Watt, the eldest son of Sir George Harvie-Watt, the M.P. for Richmond, who is a godson of Sir Harold and spent his school holidays from Eton at Prospect.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Vaughan, who were both in England last summer, have had friends with them at Brimmer Hall, Port Maria, where he successfully farms many acres of banana walks, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel who got back from Switzerland to their charming home near Content Hill at the beginning of last month, have, I hear, had their daughter Mrs. Thomson Jones and her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael de Pret Roos staying. Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine have been spending part of the winter at their home in Jamaica, as have Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne, and Mr. and Mrs. Denis Smith-Bingham, who own a lovely property named San San near Port Antonio, with a very beautiful garden.

Montego Bay, which is the gayest and most fashionable resort on the island, has had a wonderful season. Many visitors have gone out from England for the really warm sunshine, travelling by sea or air, and many more have come down from America or Canada. Lord and Lady Lyle of Westbourne spent a short time here on a flying tour of the Bahamas and the West Indies, as did Mr. and Mrs. Tom Berington, who went out in the Andes. Night life, which is always gay in this part of the world, has been increased by a new night club called "La Ronde," which Lady Monson originated and has now leased to Mr. Stanley Vaughan, who I hear runs it very well. It is in a lovely position, looking out over the sea on the outskirts of the town, and has been most beautifully decorated in black and white by Mr. Paul Methuen who works for an interior decorating firm in Montego Bay.

The Round Hill Hotel and estate has been packed the whole season. John Pringle is keeping up the very high standard at the hotel and, as last year when I visited Round Hill, he has four chefs from the George V in Paris for the season here, so the food is as good if not better than ever; and from guests I hear the service has been really first class too. Guests have included Sir Derek and Lady Gilbey, who went on to Nassau, then the United States and sailed for home in the Queen Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seigbert who were down from their home White Plains, New York, lovely Mme. Michelin from Paris and her seventeen-year-old daughter, Mr. John Gunther (author of *Inside Europe*), and that great writer of modern melodies, Mr. Cole Porter.

MANY shareholders have been holidaying in their own houses, including Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. MacAdoo, of New York, Viscountess Ednam, who has had a party of friends staying. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dillon, who have one of the finest houses in a very big garden, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, among whose guests have been Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mr. James S. Duncan from Toronto and his attractive Spanish-born wife who had their young family with them, and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, who have two of the most attractive houses and quite the most beautiful garden on the estate. Mr. and Mrs. Kingham (Adele Astaire) and Mr. Henry Tiarks are other shareholders who have been here this spring.

Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the former U.S. Ambassador in London, and Mrs. Aldrich have had a house here for a few weeks, and Greer Garson and her husband Mr. Fogelson have been staying in Princess Gabriella von Liechtenstein's house. I hear that Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray have taken the Hon. Mrs. Burns's house, Fayrelea, for March, and were expected out there, as were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller Munday, at the beginning of the month. Mrs. Burns was at her home from the middle of January until the end of last month, but her husband had to fly home early as he unfortunately broke his foot. Mr. Edward Molyneux has been spending the winter in his lovely home and has been very busy painting. The Earl of Wilton has been visiting friends here, and the Paul Dubonnets have been staying at Half Moon Bay.

One of the most amusing evenings of a season of very good parties was that in which Lord and Lady Monson, who have a delightful house near Round Hill, where their daughter Sandra, Lady Monson's brother Mr. Powell and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Coey, friends from Lincolnshire have been staying with them, gave a river picnic party by moonlight to celebrate Lord Monson's birthday. At this party guests were paddled up the very still, quiet river for about half a mile, in fascinating tiny canoes made out of the trunks of local trees, and ate supper of soup, curry, and coconut cake around a huge bonfire near the river's bank at the foot of the falls, with calypso music liling through the air.

★ ★ ★

WEARING a replica of Queen Victoria's wedding dress, a lovely crinoline of cream satin, the skirt edged with lace, Miss Sally Collier made an enchanting picture when she married Mr. John Baker, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Her retinue of two little bridesmaids and two little pages wore Victorian costume, too, in a colour scheme of



ENGAGEMENT PARTY

OVER 150 guests attended the engagement party of Mr. David Inman and Miss Sally Cox (above), given in the hall of the Butchers Company in the City by Mr. and Mrs. T. Morris Cox

Princess Samia Jazaery, Mr. S.
Inman, Miss J. Wiggins

Mr. and Mrs. David Matthews,
Mrs. and Mr. W. McLachlan



Van Hallan

Mr. Colin Berwick talking to
Miss Barbara Hunt

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Davis
were two others there

[Continued overleaf]



VERY HAPPY WEDDING

MR. JOHN GODFREY Midleton Baker (left), son of Mr. Douglas Baker and of Mrs. Maxwell Eley, with his bride, formerly Miss Sally Collier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Collier, and three attendants, Robin Grimston, Johnny Homfray and Elizabeth Bayes. The wedding was at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe

yellow and white, the little girls having poke bonnets, and frilly pantaloons showing below their skirts. They were Robin Grimston, John Homfray, Victoria Laing and Elizabeth Bayes.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, when the bride's father and stepmother Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Collier—the latter looking charming in a dress and hat of love-in-the-mist blue—received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. Douglas Baker and Mrs. Maxwell Eley—who was also in blue, but of a much darker shade. Among the guests were Lady Grimston, whose little grandson, Robin, was one of the pages, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, who also had a grandson, John Homfray, as page. Mrs. Gibson is a cousin of the bridegroom and their daughter, Mrs. Homfray, was present, also their sons, David and Simon; the latter was an usher.

The bridegroom's sister, Lady Wills, was greeting many friends, and her husband Sir John Wills was best man. Other guests included Lord and Lady Sinclair of Cleeve, Sir Leonard and Lady Sinclair, Maj.-Gen. Firbank, Mrs. Gerald Pinckney (who gave me good news of her son Jeremy, who is now in Toronto), Lady Leslie, Mrs. James Dennis and her daughter Caroline, comte and comtesse de Pret Roosé, Mrs. Walford, and Miss Caroline Judd talking to Mr. Edward Hulse. Col. Arthur Howell, a very old friend of the bride's family, proposed the health of the young couple, who later left for their honeymoon in Paris and spring ski-ing in Switzerland.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. Mrs. Gamage works extremely hard for the St. John Ambulance Brigade. She is County Superintendent for Berkshire, and was recently chairman of a regional conference held at Reading Town Hall, when she also very kindly provided the lunch and tea. Among those present were Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, the deputy Superintendent-in-Chief, St. John Ambulance Brigade, who was among the speakers. She paid tribute to the St. John members who in their routine jobs visit old people week after week, and to the wonderful work recently done by the Brigade throughout the country with Hungarian refugees and the Anglo-Egyptian expellees. She went on to say how much praise had been given to the St. John-trained air attendants who flew with the refugees. The other speakers included Miss L. Duff-Grant, Mrs. Smellie and Mr. Beare.

There were about 140 officers present; among these were the Hon. Mrs. Sonia Cubitt, the County Superintendent for Hampshire, Mr. C. A. Poole, the County Commissioner for Berkshire, and Mrs. Boothman, the County Superintendent for Oxford, whose father, Major A. C. White Knox, is surgeon-in-chief of the Brigade. Also there was Col. and Mrs. Dutfield and Miss Lavinia Baird, who before she returned to England was working for the joint St. John and Red Cross Hospital Welfare Dept. in the British Hospital in Hong Kong.

WARM sunny weather with the temperature up in the sixties favoured the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham this year. Her Majesty The Queen wearing light-blue speckled tweeds, the Queen Mother in dark green and Princess Margaret in fawn travelled down by train on the second day when they saw the Queen Mother's horse Double Star run in the Gloucester Hurdle. They watched the racing from a box, gay with spring flowers, in the centre of the new stand of the Members' Enclosure. During the afternoon, accompanied by Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Chief Steward, Lady Willoughby de Broke and Sir John Carew Pole, they visited the paddock.

Afterwards the Queen and her sister returned to London by train, but their mother went on to stay with Capt. Frank and Lady Avice Spicer at Spyke Park near Chippenham, and came racing next day. Although our young Queen is greatly interested, as I said earlier, in horse racing, she does not have any horses in training under National Hunt Rules, only for the flat. It is the Queen Mother who is the great enthusiast for National Hunt racing, and she has several useful steeplechasers and hurdlers in training with Mr. Peter Cazalet at Fairlawne in Kent.

There was a big shock in the first race on the opening day when the short priced Irish trained favourite The Stroller fell at the first fence. The event was won by Madam K. Hennessy's Mandarin, who started at eight to one and was the first of several long-priced winners that afternoon. The Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup went to the twenty-eight to one Merry Deal. The race for the Kim Muir Memorial Challenge Cup for amateur riders who have served or are serving in any of the three Services, brought a field of sixteen runners. The winner was Mr. R. Brewis on Mrs. A. Holmes's Mighty Apollo, who started at twenty-five to one. The last race that day was won by the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Buckingham, the first favourite to win at the meeting.

As was to be expected, spring suits were much in evidence, gayer perhaps on the second day when women had gained confidence that the weather might really remain sunny. As always there was much entertaining in the private boxes, one of the biggest of which is the corner box occupied for many years by the Holland Martin family. This year everyone visiting their box missed that great and gallant sportsman Mr. "Ruby" Holland Martin, who is such a kind and delightful person and has shown such tremendous courage since he had a very bad hunting accident a few years ago. He is in hospital for special treatment and everyone was expressing a hope that he would soon be out and about again. On the ground floor of this block of boxes Lady Apsley and her sons Earl Bathurst and the Hon. George Bathurst had a party of friends watching the racing with them, as did Major and Mrs. Charles Tremayne; among the latter's guests were Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth and Mr. and Mrs. George Murray Smith, who were among the big contingent over from Ireland for the meeting. Major and Mrs. Hugh Brassey and Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke and her nephew Mr. Alan Lillington, who made a brilliant race to win the National Hunt Chase on Kari Sou.



Sir John Wills, best man, and Lady Wills

Mr. Samuel Collier, Mrs. Maxwell Eley, Mrs. Collier and Mr. Douglas Baker



Mr. Christopher Baker and
Mrs. Baker

Miss Diana Nicholl and Mr.
Hugh Currie



A little farther along I called in to see Mrs. Violet Kingscote in her box, where I met Mrs. Faulconer, who was rather sad at that moment as her husband's nice horse Stanton Johnnie had broken down in the first race, also Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blagrave, Mrs. de Freville and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham. Mrs. McDonald and her sister, Miss Ramsden, were also entertaining guests in their box on this floor. Higher up Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn were entertaining a party of friends including Lord and Lady de Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clegg, Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies down from Scotland, and Miss Zelie Llewellyn.

Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, the latter very attractive in brown tweed and a very neat hat, were in the adjacent box with a party of friends including Mr. Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence, who were hopeful of winning the Gold Cup on the final day with their good chaser, Rose Park. Major and Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw had his elder daughter, Mrs. Rook, and her husband, Major Lawrence Rook, and a big party of friends in their box. Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson entertained a great many friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don.

Among visitors over from Ireland I met that great personality of the horse world, Judge Wylie, Major Eddie Boylan, whom everyone was delighted to see about again after his long illness, the Marquess of Waterford and his very pretty fiancée, Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, both looking blissfully happy, Major and Mrs. Roly Byers and Lady Goulding, who still had her leg in plaster after a ski-ing accident.

I saw Sir Nicholas Nuttall, on leave from Cyprus, his mother, Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick with her husband, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, Major Cuddy Stirling Stuart, who had Major and Mrs. Chris Seymour staying for the meeting, Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton, who came with Major Stanley Cayzer, Mrs. Ronald Scott Miller and her sister, Mrs. Eric Midwood, who had a runner on the first day, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Galloway down from Scotland and soon off for a three months' stay in Spain, Mr. and Mrs. J. Keith, Sir Eric Miéville, Mr. and Mrs. Pode, Mr. and Mrs. Gay Kindersley talking to Lord Crawshaw, and the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley.

Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson were watching the racing from a box, and I also saw the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Earl Fortescue, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Ratcliffe talking to the Marquess of Blandford, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken and her eldest sister, Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Bingham, who have just moved into a new house in Gloucestershire, and his very pretty sister, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Mr. Phil Forsyth-Forrest, Major Philip Profumo, joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, Miss Monica Sherriffe talking to Mrs. Violet Cripps on the stand in the Members', Major and Mrs. "Copper" Blackett down from Northumberland, Lady Helen Vivian Smith and her attractive débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, and two more very pretty débutantes, Miss Carol Prior Palmer and Miss Camilla Belville, with their mothers, Mrs. Millais and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie.



Mrs. E. Robinson and Mr. B. Gunn. The reception was at the Hyde Park Hotel



Mrs. Peter Leng and Mr.
Victor Rienaecker



Col. Arthur Howell and Mrs.
Howell



Mr. H. C. McCarthy, Mrs. P. E. Andrews, Mrs. J. Young and Mrs. Belinda Egerton-Warburton



*Miss Jill Christopher, Mr. Dirk Karrs-Sykesteyn
and Miss Jean Rollston*



*Mr. Raymond Hayter, Miss Gillian Pepperell,
Miss Susan Arscott and Mr. Bruce Critchinson*

THE CARDINALS BALL

CELEBRATING the conclusion of the Lent Term "bumps," nearly five hundred guests attended the annual Cardinals Ball held this year in Cambridge Guildhall. Many blues and members of various university sporting associations and boat clubs were present



*Mr. David Bailey and Miss Jennifer Ball,
with Miss Betty Rogers and Mr. Gregory Cole*

*Mr. Anthony Miller, Miss Cynthia Dommett,
Miss Mary Hughes and Mr. Christopher Platten*



*Miss Sylvia Daughty dancing the Gay Gordons
with Mr. Ian Stuchbery*



*Mr. Raymond Pahl, Miss Rosalind Jezzard, Mr.
John Clifford, Miss Patricia Cowell*

Desmond O'Neill

A DEBUTANTE PARTY

MRS. IAN T. HENDERSON gave a cocktail dance for her debutante daughter Nicola and for the coming-of-age of her elder daughter, Miss Venetia Henderson, at the Hyde Park Hotel earlier this month



Miss Venetia Henderson, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Ian T. Henderson and the Hon. Richard Butler

Miss Alison Chalmers-Parry in conversation with Mr. Clive Hamilton



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. John Brewer in conversation with Miss Rosemary Edwards



Miss Nicola Henderson signs the "debutantes' drum," watched by Tommy Kinsman and drummer Freddie Ormett

Miss Merle Ropner was with Mr. P. Andjel

Miss Jane Lascelles and Mr. Alastair Robb



Mr. Peter James and Miss Jane Sibley



Miss Belinda Sheffield and Mr. Cecil Paynter



International fourteen-foot dinghies competing in a weekly race in the Great Sound

Ten million of these magnificent Easter lilies are exported annually, many to the U.S.



Bermuda

ANTHONY CRASK entices you to that sub-tropical sunspot, Bermuda, delightfully harmonious meeting place of perplexed statesmen and carefree travellers

THREE is nothing so restful, I believe, as a vacation spent on what seems to the visitor a place existing for the sole purpose of administering to his pleasure. While you are in Bermuda you feel like a king; and when you leave it is as though you were being turned out of the garden of Eden.

For it has the loveliest scenery imaginable. It is essentially restful; if its beauty is sometimes breathtaking, causing a gasp and the eye to water a little, it is never frightening. The water is of a blue that only the sky can equal, the cream of the coral sand thickly borders the southern beaches, the dark of the cedars, interspersed with the palmetto, calabash and other trees, has ensconced among its shadows the white buildings of the colony, like sea-gulls on their nests in cliff crevices.

The beauty of the island verdure—oleanders, tamarisks, cedars (where it has not been attacked by the disastrous scale epidemic), the dull calabash, the allspice and the loquat is added to by the shrubs—crotons, bay grapes, hibiscus, bougainvillea—and by passion flowers, poinsettias, freesias, the night-blooming cereus and by, above all, the fields of lilies. These last, of a profusion, richness and perfection of blossom unequalled, are in themselves an utterly unforgettable sight.

It is a near-tropical island without any of the disadvantages that being one has. How better indicate my meaning than by quoting the temperatures? The sea from January to March rises from 62 deg.; and in the summer months it averages about 84 deg. What you should do, if you go between April and November, is complacently assume hot weather will be your constant companion.

LIFE is informal with the clothes to go with it. Business men wear shorts to the office, but also ties and lightweight jackets. Indeed, you must be careful about your dressing. Despite the seeming informality of business-wear there is a rigid ban—they even have laws!—on any really relaxed clothing. The ubiquitous Bermuda shorts are a case in point. Worn by men and women greatly in the summer, these knee-length garments are held to be preferable to the now more generally worn (elsewhere) short shorts. To the visitor they appear faintly ridiculous, looking antiquated and old-fashioned; and no more becoming on the middle-aged with middle-aged spread, and much hotter, than

shorts. Also beach attire is confined to the beach, and briefs are out. Bermuda only looks like Eden.

But in an island with so many ways of enjoying yourself it is a small worry that you might have acquired a fuller suntan on the French Riviera. Here is an outdoor life *par excellence*. For heaven's sake don't harbour intimations of guilt. Everybody partakes of its joys including business men. Be sybaritic: it's what you're here for, after all.

Golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing, sailing, these have no discernible season for the holidaymaker. Even swimming and beach life are often possible in what is theoretically winter. Like me, you may come to think that no sailing can equal, or even compare, with that to be found in Great Sound. Bermuda has evolved a type of boat that is inimitably her own, which her smooth, unshadowed waters have made possible. The newcomer at first regards these deckless shallow dinghies with an incredulity that verges on the hilarious until he sees that they actually do sail. They provide what the Bermudans themselves are prepared to admit is acrobatic sport.

WHAT struck me, as it must every visitor, is how the sea about the island and the internal waterways have become part and parcel of the way of life. Remember that nowhere in Bermuda will you be farther than a mile from the sea. Paget and Warwick are connected to Pembroke and it to Somerset and Ireland by an intricacy of ferries. So, too, with St. George's and St. David's. Quite apart from their usefulness, these services are the most charming ways of seeing the islands, meandering past sights and scenes unreachable from the island itself. A tip I should pass on is that you can buy books of tickets, thus making ferry travel much cheaper.

Of deep sea-fishing I myself know little. But I'm told the amberjack, tuna, and marlin here are really something, while the bonito, wahoo, chub and bonefish are as big as they come. In these waters the fishes swarm, though whether with more and more holidaymakers taking up fishing this state will last is doubtful. I've heard it suggested that restrictions may have to be imposed.

While Bermuda is up to date in matters of sport, you will be struck—but agreeably, I think, if you are like me—by the old-fashioned and leisurely impression made by many sides of Bermudan life. Pedal cycles are the accepted form of transport here, for cars are not encouraged and are restricted to 20 m.p.h. These cycles are of the dignified upturned handlebar variety complete with wicker basket (useful for bathing kit, packed lunch for the beach, etc.). These give a most remote and charmingly staid air to life about one. Furthermore this *dégradé* atmosphere is continued by the buildings of the island. Architecture really is too formal a word to apply to a growth that has arisen haphazardly, but on the whole pleasantly, over the years.

THE material used is generally the indigenous stone though the Anglican Cathedral, a gem from the old country that Bermuda could have spared herself, includes rock imported from Britain as well as America. The Bermudan stone is quite extraordinarily soft, so don't be misled into thinking that you have come across a race of Hercules, when you see native workmen sawing it into blocks with handsaws. It is cream coloured in this natural state, but exposure to air hardens it and turns it somewhat greyer.

With the exception of fish—Bermudan lobster, plain boiled or broiled, or served thermidor or Newburg fashion is pretty good, and lobsters are in season on all "R" months except April—it must be admitted that Bermuda serves no food that you cannot find the equal of elsewhere. It has its specialities, though salt cod and bananas are not, I wager, everybody's idea of a traditional Sunday breakfast. Cassava pie, with thick and sweetish pie-crust made from the root, with pork and chicken filling, is definitely original. You try it.

Getting to Bermuda couldn't be easier, even if it might be cheaper. By air, London to Bermuda, direct, first class return fare is about £282, tourist, £218. Two flights weekly, or daily via New York. By sea, Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Reina del Mar; first from £130; cabin from £105; tourist from £75. Reina del Pacifico; first from £115; cabin from £88; third from £50. Cunard; Caronia, first from £107; cabin about £75; and Parthia, first only, £84. All sea fares are single.



The limewashed roofs of Hamilton glisten hotly. At anchor is the Queen of Bermuda

Palms, pink sand, gaily striped umbrellas and sun—these make for the perfect holiday





Delia Dudgeon

NEW STAR IN MUSICAL

BILL KERR is an Australian comedian chiefly renowned in Britain for his many successful broadcasts. An early appearance here on the stage was in the British musical *Calypso*. Now he is to take the leading comic role of the Devil in the new American baseball musical *Damn Yankees*, due to open shortly at the Coliseum

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

IT was a pretty tired and shabby old man, in a stained raincoat and a rusty bowler, who turned up on my doorstep the other day with a copy of Old Moore's Almanac for 1957, not more than a couple of months too late, and asking for whatever I felt called upon to give for it, guv.

He might have walked all the way from Yorkshire (which is where this particular edition turned out to have been printed), judging by his air of dejection, and the lack of spring in his step. Fippence, he fought, was a fair price, guv, and he didn't seem much more cheerful to be given sixpence.

Who, I wonder, studies the time-honoured publication these days? There are those scholars, I take it, for whom a whole page on the "Risings, Southings and Settings of Planets at Greenwich, 1957," is of some value—but I shouldn't have thought they'd have turned to Old Moore for it.

And can the student of the "Lunar Occultations, Visible at Greenwich," be a customer, too, for a whole-page advertisement for Joan the Wad, Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys—"all you have to do is send a shilling (savings stamps accepted)"—"healer, luck-bringer, matchmaker and prizewinner." "A

young girl wrote that she had had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams. . . ."

Old Moore predicts for April, by the-way, that "Income-tax payers in certain branches obtain some relief." Perhaps if we had all sent our savings stamps for a Joan the Wad, there'd be greater relief still to look forward to.

What I am certain about is that the poor old chap on the doorstep can never have reached that particular advertisement: luck had never come his way, much. He had collected a mere sixpence for his fippenny almanac: the lucky man would have been the one to come upon my doorstep when I had nothing smaller than a two-bob piece.

★ ★ ★

ALL too many are the ways by which we are made aware of the march of time. It is an old truism that a man knows he is middle-aged when he first notices how young the policemen are. Myself, I realized it, a year or so ago, when I watched senior non-commissioned officers of the Brigade of Guards

falling in as markers on a ceremonial route, and realized that some, at least, were wearing no medal ribbons earlier than the U.N. ribbon for Korea—they had been too young for World War II.

Or one may dine, as I did, with the headmaster of one's own old school; and learn that he is younger than oneself.

ECHOING in the columns of *The Times*, the other day, I heard yet another of those ominous footsteps. An article on "treen"—the collector's word for those small, simple, wooden domestic implements and ornaments of the past—mentioned as rarities, now much sought after, the wooden pencil boxes, with sliding lids, pivoted layers, and many compartments, and the turned hardwood caps, each with a peg in its centre, used for pressing down the glass marbles that stoppered the "pop" bottles of our boyhood. Surely, it is one of the most pathetic indications of age to learn that the commonplaces of one's youth have become antiques?

Curiously, until I read the article, I had never missed them. Yet now I marvel that they have disappeared for so long. There were picnics and cricket matches years ago when the opening of a bottle of dandelion and burdock, or of sarsaparilla—the peg of the hardwood cap struck against the glass alleys—promised more enchantment than any popping champagne cork since. And days at one's first school when the possession of a glossy pencil box, with a gaily coloured picture of some German Christmas transferred on to its sliding lid, was more enviable than ownership today of the sleekest and slinkiest sports coupé.

Talking of treen reminds me that I read somewhere of a seventeenth-century wooden basting spoon in the Pinto collection of Wooden Bygones at Oxley Woods House, on which is carved the inscription:

This bastin sticke I give my host
to bast his wife for not bastin his rost.

A studied insult, indeed. What would be the modern equivalent: a tin-opener? Many a hostess would be far from displeased, and accept the insult as a kindness.

★ ★ ★

A KIND and knowledgeable friend gave me for my birthday a bottle of château-bottled Château Latour, 1947, and I was prompted to look up what that learned wine-bibber, the late Maurice Healy, had said of this princely wine. For Healy knew more about claret than any other man of our time. So I looked up "Latour" in the index to his great work, *Stay Me With Flagons*, and found myself confronted with the name of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

How odd, to look for a wine, and find a regiment!

But in this case, too, what an odd coincidence, for I am a Lancashire Fusilier myself, by a curious gazetting that I have



explained previously in these columns: I became a Lancashire Fusilier, as others become lawyers, by dining.

Had I only known—that Minden Day of the wartime years when I ate in the Fusiliers' mess the rose that made a sort of soldier of me—that somewhere there was a battalion of the same regiment that might still have some of that magnificent 1923 Les Musigny. That wine which Maurice, for all that he was by nature a claret-lover, thought in 1930 or thereabouts to be "all that a good Burgundy should be."

And when you consider how much of a Bordeaux man Maurice Healy was, have you ever read a prose poem to touch his panegyric on a Burgundy—a Chambertin that Professor Saintsbury thought to "lean towards coarseness"? For on the opposite page to that devoted to his discoveries in the Fusiliers' cellar is the paean:

"One hears the clang of armour in its depths; Mozart closes his clavecin when it is poured, and Doctor P. G. Wodehouse defers telling the story he was about to begin. But Bach moves towards the organ; Henry Ainley opens the pages of *Henry V*; the host turns on the lighting of his Rembrandt, and the noble wine blends with them all. Aye, 'noble' is the word; and I do not know any produce of the grape that so well deserves the adjective."

A finer tribute, I must admit, though no more heartfelt, than my own spontaneous comment to my next-door neighbour, when I was given a Château Yquem 1921 at a pre-Christmas luncheon only last year. "I'm seven feet high," I cried, after the first sip, "and husbands are terrified of me!"

★ ★ ★

FROM the photographs I have seen of the crews at practice, it doesn't look as though the cox of the Oxford eight—the first rowing Blue in history, I think, to come from Pakistan—is going to travel from Putney to Mortlake on Saturday week wearing a turban.

It seems a pity: the Boat Race would be none the worse for the touch of exoticism it would lend.

And I am all for exoticism in rowing. I well remember watching the University Women's Boat Race on the Cam some four years or so ago—a contest no longer waged, I think—and noticing with pleased surprise that the Cambridge No. 7 wore long, dangling ear-rings.

Do you consider this a sign of decadence? Not so, for Cambridge, I am sorry to say (let us have no mealy mouthed impartiality in such serious matters as this), won by a couple of lengths or more.

So let Mr. Said of Peshawar and Pembroke take to a turban—and let it be as lucky for his crew as was the dangling jewellery of the naiad of the Cam for hers. A dark blue turban, of course.

by Graham

BRIGGS





Loppylugs racing at Doncaster in the High Weight Handicap

A CAPFUL OF NAMES FOR THE SPRING DOUBLE

"ORMONDE" is the nom de plume of a famous Turf writer, who here initiates his series of commentaries on the season's races



Mr. Fulke Walwyn, the well-known trainer, with his wife, at a Newmarket meeting



Douglas Smith who will ride owner-trainer John Beary's Loppylugs in the Lincoln



Steeplechasing at Kempton Park is Mrs. B. Hay's Goosander, which is favoured for the Grand National, run on March 29

THE scene at Lincoln races on "Handicap Day" (March 27) will be animated for many spectators by the knowledge that they are witnessing an attempt to bring off an old-fashioned plunge. The punter with the voucher in his wallet—"But it's not the £50,000 to £2,500 I hoped to get," he says—is the red-bearded former schoolmaster, Phil Bull, who has, over the last ten years, built up his profitable and popular form-guide business into a world-wide organization.

The subject of his bet, his own four-year-old colt Dionisio (for which he refused an American offer of £12,000 last year), has been kept moving regularly around trainer Charles Elsey's covered ride, when many others of the Malton horses were confined by weather conditions to mere road-work. Another fit runner on "Lincoln" day should be Sir Humphrey de Trafford's River Line, only beaten near the post by Three Star II in last year's race. Marcus Marsh has again engaged Tommy Carter for this five-year-old, who will be the biggest horse in the field.

Douglas Smith, champion jockey for the past three seasons, booked himself to ride Loppylugs "provided he is reasonably handicapped," as long ago as the first week of last December. He confirmed the booking to owner-trainer John Beary from St. Moritz early in February. Unless Lincoln going is firm—as it was in Langton Abbot's year (1946)—it seems difficult to name one to beat the Loppylugs-Doug Smith combination.

NEVERTHELESS, the problem of the draw remains. Owing to the slightly dog-legged formation of this "straight mile," any horse with a single figure position at the start is severely handicapped. Sometimes a jockey will risk moving up several places, but he faces suspension or a heavy fine if detected.

Furthermore, there is on-the-spot B.B.C. coverage, with Peter O'Sullivan at the start and Raymond Glendenning, with his king-size binoculars fitted to a special tripod, from his grandstand vantage point.

So most of the jockeys drawing the ill-favoured low numbers are resigned to losing before they even start.

Absentees from Lincoln will include the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who have attended regularly in recent years. Lord Hothfield will officiate as one of the stewards of the meeting, but does not have any horses to run there.

E. Davey from Malton and the Epsom Smyth families usually make a point of having their horses fit early in the season, and no doubt these trainers will be responsible for a number of the winners. Apart from Wednesday's big handicap, the racing is of no more than passing interest, and it is a far cry to the day when a horse such as the Duke of Portland's Donovan could win the Lincoln Brocklesby Stakes as a two-year-old, and then proceed to win the Derby in the following year.

At the end of the little Lincoln meeting on Wednesday, there is a Monte Carlo rally-type scramble by motor-borne racing enthusiasts westwards across the Cat and Fiddle pass, over the Pennines, to hotels in the Liverpool area for the three-day Aintree meeting.

A FRIDAY Grand National conjures up visions of an uproarious night at the Adelphi. Joe Orlando, the *sympathique* band leader, will confirm that both rocking and rolling are "old hat" there, Grand National night. The style of the party depends on who lands the prize. If Fulke Walwyn were to win with one of his two probable runners (the Hennessey-owned Armorial III and the *Daily Sketch* prize horse, Felias) or, more probably, Neville Crump, with Goosander and Much Obliged, this observer can prophesy that the night will be lively.

But the No. 1 Grand National fancy for your correspondent is Mr. Denton's Hart Royal—broken knees and all—trained by the O. E. cricketer and former master of the Craven Hunt, Ian Lomax. Hart Royal, a graduate from the ranks of point-to-point horses, jumps boldly and cleverly and appears to have unlimited stamina. All he needs is a little bit of luck.

Among the outsiders, the most likely appear to be Gentle Moya, Sydney Jones and the Irish-trained Tutto, winner of the big Leopardstown 'Chase last month. Mr. John Straker's Gentle Moya will be ridden by George Milburn (owing to her owner's Haydock accident) and appeals as the most certain to negotiate the course successfully. Mares, on the whole, have a moderate record at Aintree, although, after Sheila's Cottage (1948) had been the first of her sex to win since Shannon Lass (1902), Nickel Coin proved victorious in 1951.



Mr. Peter Mason, who won the third race, and Mrs. James Wilson



Lady Angela Cecil and Mr. Michael Oswald watching the last event



Mr. A. F. Culham with Mr. W. G. Henson, Master of the C.U. Drag



Mrs. O'Wilson and Major E. W. O'Wilson with his trophies

Mrs. M. Engelman, Mr. F. Rawson-Mackenzie, the Hon. Katherine Palmer and Miss V. Engelman



Col. G. Hurrell and Mrs. Hurrell were here with Mr. F. E. Harvey in the paddock



POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT COTTONHAM

CAMBRIDGE University United Hunts Club held their point-to-point at Cottenham. Above: Mr. D. Rawson-Mackenzie, the winner, Mr. W. G. Henson and Count Zichy in the first race



Lt.-Col. E. H. Deacon, Mrs. Deacon, Miss Eve Deacon and Mr. Harvey Leader

Mr. J. P. G. Runciman, Mr. J. G. Runciman and Mrs. Hugh Gingell, M.H.





CHARLES BOYER (below) is, in "Paris Palace Hotel," a rich man who, luring Francoise Arnoul (right) into his apartment, finds that she has pretended to a young man that he is her father. Charles Boyer, amused, agrees to aid her deception



Priscilla in Paris

AN AXE AT THE COMEDIE

IT has been decided that there will be no more "gala" first nights at the State theatre of the Comédie Française unless an exceptionally important occasion arises. Since Minister Ramadier is cutting down on even the necessities of life this is quite right; the superfluous must be pruned also. A young member of the illustrious company of *comédiens français* tells me that the players are delighted at this ukase. A gala audience is not always an agreeable audience to play to; most of its members beat all records of programme-rustling, late-arriving, jewel-jingling, coughing and fidgeting.

The kindest thing that can be said about it is that it usually looks nice; hence it is so busy admiring itself that it hardly knows what is happening on the stage. No wonder that actors prefer an ordinary first night with all their old friends and enemies: the critics and gossip writers, the fans and all the other honest lovers of Melpomene.

Of course there are galas and . . . GALAS! When trade steps in and books the front row of the *corbeille* for the loveliest mannequins of Parisian *haute couture*, I'm all for it. This was not a first night; it happened on a Tuesday, when, in any case, evening dress is *de rigueur* at the Comédie in the stalls and boxes.

THE loveliest of the lovelies all were there. The blondes and the brunettes, with buns and with bangs, sedate and kittenish, tall and . . . less tall, slim and . . . slightly less slim. . . . All the Jacqueline, the Bettinas, the Brigitte, the Chantals and the newest—perhaps most entrancing of all since the film fiends and camera chaps are already claiming her for their own!—Marie-Hélène Arnaud.

The house was full; it was the fourth or fifth performance of a new presentation, staged and acted by Mlle. Hélène Perdrière, of Marivaux's *Seconde Surprise de l'Amour* that is having such a success. During an *entr'acte*, in the green-room, the modes of

A Gallic film week in Britain

A FRENCH Film Festival is being held simultaneously in London, Birmingham and Glasgow from March 22-28. On this page can be seen some of the stills from the films to be shown. Below, Edwige Feuillere with Jean Lefebvre in "The Seventh Commandment"



SET IN NEW ORLEANS in 1850, when the circus comes to town, is "Lola Montes," starring Martine Carol (centre, above). It co-stars Anton Walbrook and Peter Ustinov (left)

IN "OBSESSION," directed by Jean Delannoy, Michele Morgan plays one half of a team of trapeze artists, the other half of which (Raf Vallone) has committed murder

1957 were introduced to the frills and furbelows of the eighteenth century and I realized, with amusement, how even more elaborate than in those days are some of the draped and sweeping creations that are being wished upon us this spring.

It is as well that there is method in the sartorial madness of our dress designers and that it is only in the evening that they hamper our activities and expect us to be stately. Thanks to the pleats, gussets, gores, sunrays (or whatever the ease-giving intricacies that liberate our movements are called) we can not only walk in the daytime but we can climb!

EARLY visitors to the Grand Palais on the opening day of the Salon des Arts Menagers were able to pick their way over such obstacles as ladders, pails, planks and paint-pots in comfort. True to every tradition the last workman left almost as the first visitor entered. This is why the real opening day, with speech-making, top-hatted, stripe-bagged, morning-coated officials, only happens on the second day. But it is on the first day, all my young friends assure me, that one can collect enough odds and ends to "stock a chap's tool box for a year . . ."

One meets the most unexpected people at this Salon. I found the revue writer and producer Jacques Charles, whose entertaining volume of memoirs *Cent Ans de Music-hall et Cirque* has just been awarded the Prix Amar for the best book of the year on the circus ring and music hall stage, chuckling over the literature that is handed out to encourage buyers. I foresee that in his next show there will be an amusing scene portraying an elderly Mrs. Beeton struggling with the cooking range that heats by induction and can boil a saucepanful of ice cubes in fifty seconds. This "Kitchen Of Tomorrow," on exhibition at the Grand Palais, is an amazing affair and I was duly impressed. Josephine remained calm. "Does Madame remember," she murmured, "down at the island when we lit those wood fires outside the kitchen door and toasted fresh sardines on the embers?" I understood perfectly what she meant.

CORRECTION.—In our issue of February 27 we published a photograph of Prince Alexander of Jugoslavia and his wife, with a caption to the effect that they are now known as Mr. and Mrs. Karageorgevic. We have since been informed that this is quite incorrect and that "Prince and Princess Alexander of Jugoslavia" is Their Royal Highnesses' correct designation and the one by which they wish to be known.





"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (Old Vic). In the wide open spaces of the Waterloo Road a splendidly barbaric production of the play rages, with all the participants taut and trimmed for action. Quiescent moments come from Cleopatra herself (Margaret Whiting) while being lectured by Antony (Keith Michell). Behind them Enobarbus (Derek Godfrey) frets. Below Octavius Caesar (Leon Gluckman) awaits success

the might of language can hardly go further than they stretch it), but they themselves are essentially non-heroic. He is a great soldier broken down by debauchery, she is a wanton; and the heroism of words they use about each other cannot quite conceal the facts.

What are the steps that Mr. Robert Helpmann takes to circumvent these difficulties? About Cleopatra he can do only what Miss Whiting is able to do, and he leaves her free to do what she can. Her performance is never insensitive, and in the death scene it is strong and moving. With the multiplicity of scenes Mr. Helpmann copes by getting from Mr. Loudon Sainthill a simple but impressive setting of columns which a change of lighting can turn from obelisks into Roman pillars. He uses his freedom to set a fairly full text flowing at a rate which, though unfortunately it does not quite sustain its initial rapidity to the end, is exciting while it lasts.

BUT the most perceptive thing in Mr. Helpmann's production is the effort made to compensate for the underlying flaw in the play. Antony has been shown in the early scenes fast held in the strong Egyptian fetters. There is little to remind us of the man who once with half the bulk of the world played as he pleased. But at the shock of Fulvia's death the instinct of domination suddenly asserts itself against the instinct of sex and his return to activity disconcerts the calculations of Pompey and obliges even Octavius himself to walk warily. It is important that we should be given a memorable glimpse in these scenes of the old Antony with his energy, his judgment and the joy of action still strong in him. Once Cleopatra has nodded him to her again, there is little in the broken soldier to justify her wonderful panegyrics through which the tragedy is meant to close on a note of awe. Mr. Helpmann has paid great attention to the crucial scenes of the triumvirate at the council table and at the carouse on Pompey's barge. And Mr. Michell is here at his best, letting the greatness of the world conqueror show clearly through the man who has for a brief while forgotten Cleopatra and finds a fresh joy in outdoing his rivals, alike in stern wit combats and in nights of revelry.

Mr. Leon Gluckman, though working perhaps against the grain of his own temperament, is nevertheless interesting as the hard and passionless Octavius, and Mr. Derek Godfrey is a good Enobarbus.

—Anthony Cookman

At the Theatre

ETERNAL PROBLEM PLAY

COMING to a tragedy that is singularly difficult to cast passably, the Old Vic company do uncommonly well. Say that they give us *Antony And Cleopatra* without the Queen of Egypt, but isn't that how it usually works out, even when there have been all the great names of the stage to choose from? Shakespeare, it has been said, might have written the part for the express purpose of ruining histrionic reputations, and though actresses have done marvellous things with Cleopatra none that I have seen has ever come near to encompassing her infinite variety.

Repertory, after all, is the art of the possible, and if it gives us, as in this instance it does, an almost first-rate Antony in Mr. Keith Michell we should be unrealistic to ask for more. Miss Margaret Whiting tackles Antony's Egypt with an admirable boldness and at least suggests a schemer of personality, but it is evident that she has not yet the resources for a serious attempt on the most taxing of all Shakespeare's heroines.

THE more I see of this play on the stage the less do I wonder that the theatre instinctively fights shy of it. Not only is there the difficulty of a heroine who is half a courtesan and half a *grande amoureuse* and cannot be either sentimentalized or simplified. Not only are there the forty-two scenes in scattered parts of the Mediterranean world. But there is, I am beginning to suspect, a fundamental constructive flaw which will always make this play less satisfying on the stage than any of the four great Shakespearian tragedies. The lovers use heroic language (and





Ronald Squire's philosophic peer in Mr. Douglas Home's new play

Angus McBean

RONALD SQUIRE'S latest role is in "The Iron Duchess," the new comedy by William Douglas Home at the Cambridge Theatre. Mr. Squire plays the duke who prefers fishing to politics. Having made an enviable reputation with polished performances in the twenties, Mr. Squire has continued it impressively in works by such leading playwrights as Noël Coward and Terence Rattigan.



The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
MARCH 20,
1957
546



Major Philip Profumo, joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, Miss R. Shuckburgh and Mr. P. Higgins



Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham and Mrs. Smith-Bingham talking to Mr. James Macdonald-Buchanan

Miss Susan Hampshire, Capt. John Macdonald-Buchanan, the Hon. G. Bathurst and Mrs. Smith-Ryland

The Marquess of Blandford, Major Dermot Daly and Mrs. A. Henderson

Miss Sherry Nelson, Mr. Roger Meek and Miss E. Warne-Browne



AN EVENING OF SPLENDOUR AT BLENHEIM PALACE



Mr. and Mrs. Adam Butler in company with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Tabor



Mrs. Mark Horowitz and Mr. John
Garforth-Bles



Mr. Tom Cavmac talking to Miss
Jennifer Dawson



Mrs. and Mr. Christopher Harris
with Capt. R. Wallace, joint-Master



Mrs. D. Mackinnon, joint-Master,
Mr. S. Hornby and Miss J. Smethan

Dancing taking place in the Long Room at Blenheim Palace

P. C. Palmer



P. G. Montefiore, Capt. John Greener and
Miss Verity Ann Pilkington



NEARLY a thousand guests and followers of the Heythrop attended the hunt ball held at Blenheim by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The floor of Palace (above), with its beauty and splendour, provided a magnificent setting

At the Pictures

A COLOURFUL PALETTE

MR. KIRK DOUGLAS, playing Vincent Van Gogh in *Lust For Life*, looks so exactly like the self-portraits of that tormented painter that the effect is quite startling. Here, one says to oneself at first glance, is the man himself—but as the film with measured tread follows him on the path that led to madness, self-mutilation, suicide and posthumous fame, one begins to suspect that here, after all, is merely the shell of the man. Few reproductions give more than a hint of the greatness of the original work—and Mr. Douglas's painstaking study of Van Gogh never quite achieves the true quality of consuming genius.

The film, admirably directed by Mr. Vincente Minnelli, is nevertheless impressive. The scenes of Van Gogh's early life when, seeking escape from his "cage of doubt and fear," he worked in extreme poverty among the starving miners of The Borinage, are intensely moving—and so is Miss Pamela Brown's performance as the laundress-turned-prostitute with whom he lived during his initial struggles to find himself as a painter.

Pathetically and passionately desiring to be loved, the unhappy man seems to have antagonized everybody with whom he came in contact—even Paul Gauguin (superbly played by Mr. Anthony Quinn as a consummate egoist), the painter he welcomed with hysterical delight to his house in Arles, eventually parted from him in bitterness and anger. Only his long-suffering brother, Theo (Mr. James Donald), remained loyal and devoted to Van Gogh through all his vicissitudes to the tragic end.

It was, perhaps, a mistake on Mr. Minnelli's part to show us the countryside around Arles flatly photographed in contrast to the swirling landscapes—conflagrations on canvas—produced by Van Gogh. But this is no more than a very minor fault in a major and memorable film.

A GOOD many people scoffed at the news that *The Good Companions* was to be remade as a British musical. "Why that old thing of Mr. J. B. Priestley's?" they asked—and "Why try to make a British musical, anyway?" Never myself mad about re-makes, or musicals, I was agreeably surprised to find, on seeing the film, that the answer to both questions is "Why not?"

The story of the Dinky Doos, a concert party tottering round the provinces on its last legs and rescued and revivified by Miss Trant, an amiable spinster, and a gruff but goldenhearted Yorkshireman, Jess Oakroyd, is a mite out of date, but under the lively and adroit direction of Mr. J. Lee Thompson, it comes up fresh as paint. This is a gay, warm, human picture, sprinkled with tuneful, unassuming songs which, to these old ears at any rate, are infinitely more acceptable than your rock 'n' roll stuff. It is refreshingly different from the Hollywood backstage musical, but its lavishly staged, final production number is as glamorous and glossy as anything America has given us in this kind.

JANETTE SCOTT, a nice, bright-eyed, milk-fed girl, sings and (brilliantly partnered by the choreographers, Messrs. Paddy Stone and Irving Davies) dances prettily as a budding star, West End bound. Young Mr. John Fraser makes a pleasing impression in the rôle of Inigo Jollifant, the ex-schoolmaster composer. But it is to the excellent performances of the older hands that the film owes its essential charm: darling Miss Celia Johnson as Miss Trant, the unsurpassable Mr. Eric Portman as Oakroyd, dry Miss Thora Hird as his disapproving wife, and fruity Mr. Hugh Griffith as a brandy-bibbing old "pro."

Mr. Tyrone Power has a perfectly terrible time in *Seven Waves Away*. He is forced by circumstances to assume command of a lifeboat into and around which crowd twenty-five other survivors of a shipwreck. The boat, designed to carry twelve persons, is in imminent danger of foundering. Has Mr. Power the right to abandon the weak, the old and the injured, in an effort to save the strong?

Miss Mai Zetterling, a nurse, feels that he has not: she has nothing to worry about personally because, as Mr. Power loves



JANETTE SCOTT sings and dances her way through the Associated British film *The Good Companions* as Susie Dean of the lighthearted concert party in this new version of J. B. Priestley's celebrated novel



TYRONE POWER, in charge of an overloaded boat of shipwrecked men and women, and Mai Zetterling, the ship's nurse, face grave decisions in the exciting and suspenseful *Seven Waves Away*



THE UNHAPPY GENIUS of Vincent Van Gogh is compellingly portrayed by Kirk Douglas (below) in M-G-M's film *Lust For Life*. Above: The artist is seen painting his mistress, played by Pamela Brown

her, she is sure to be among the lucky ones. The able-bodied seem to think that he *has* the right—though, when Mr. Power takes his terrible decision in their favour, they do not much relish having to cast the other poor things adrift with nothing but a life-jacket each to protect them from the sharks.

The moral problem the film poses is a stiff one but the argument drags and the dialogue is so unpersuasive that one loses interest. The final twist to the story struck me as being altogether too soothing to be true—though, as the film claims foundation in fact, I hope I am wrong. One would like to believe that the harassed young ship's officer (well played by Mr. Power) could continue his career with a clear conscience.

As the strains of "The Entry Of The Gladiators" bring a sparkle to the eyes of the circus-lover, so the word "Doctor" in a British film title fills with pleasurable anticipation the innumerable fans of Miss Betty E. Box, who has already given the medical profession a couple of digs in the ribs. In *Doctor At Large* a further dig is administered, this time with a slightly coarser elbow.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, discussing the financial press, said, "They ought to sex it up a bit if they want to increase the circulation." Miss Box, bent on extending her public, has adopted the same policy. The newest adventures of Dr. Sparrow (Mr. Dirk Bogarde) include an illicit weekend with a pretty nurse, near-seduction at the hands of a partner's wife, and the enthusiastic embracement of a Mayfair colleague's neurotically amorous, favourite patient.

Such spicy episodes and a few snatches of ultramarine dialogue should appeal to all readers of the tattier tabloids—and for those who are slightly above that sort of thing there is a decorous performance from Miss Muriel Pavlow as a medical student who actually takes her studies seriously.

M. René Clair's enchanting *Sous les Toits de Paris*, originally shown at the old Alhambra Theatre in 1930 has been revived at the Everyman, Hampstead. Unique in its inspired use of camera, music, speech and silence, it is a masterpiece not to be missed.

—Elspeth Grant





APPRAISER OF PEACE

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL has just completed a full length survey of world affairs from the end of the war until just before the Suez crisis. This 30,000 word essay will be the preface to an abridged version of his famous war memoirs

Book Reviews

LIGHT ON THE DARK LADIES OF HISTORY

by Elizabeth Bowen



A CHARMING children's book is Hanna Wiig's "The Tale Of Tiny Tutak," about an Eskimo boy (Chatto and Windus, 5s.), from which this picture comes

IVOR BROWN'S **Dark Ladies** (Collins, 18s.) does not deal exclusively with brunettes. The four who are subjects of these studies have in common something other than pigmentation—all four *lived* (though in centuries wide apart), yet all loomed so large in romantic history that they come to seem fabulous, quasi-legendary. To each could apply what was said of an Irish charmer: "She had eyes in her head which were not for the good of her soul." Helen of Troy, Sappho of Lesbos, Cleopatra and Shakespeare's Dark Lady have, in turn, engaged Mr. Brown's attention, and it need hardly be said that they reward it.

Shakespeare's Dark Lady's colouring cannot be called in question—the only puzzle is her identity. Cleopatra, though improbably dusky-hued (she was Greek-descended) *had* very probably raven hair. But the fatal Helen's image, as our author concedes, cannot be separated from dazzling fairness, and the island poetess's physical colour-scheme is not, apparently, on record. Why, then, does he dub the whole quartette "dark"? Answer: because they are shadowed by depths of mystery. Their very legends veil them from common day.

To sift out and disentangle those many legends has been Ivor Brown's undertaking—and well worth while! Literature, the finest in the world, has added to the sublime confusion: three of the four inspired it, one wrote it. Shining fragments of Sappho's poetry which survived the purge have been searched for biographical detail; versions of her life story conflict wildly—though it would seem, by the ultimate finding, that she has been fantastically maligned. Helen, daughter of Sparta before the time when the bleak militaristic era set in, presents the most nearly baffling factual problems. Of the four she most nearly is pre-historic. Cleopatra's Middle East policy (as defined) may surprise those whose view of her, to date, has been of a quaffer of pearls dissolved in wine.

Everyone will have their favourite in *Dark Ladies*. Some will find themselves magnetized by the subject, others by the interest and excellence of the study. On the latter grounds, my choice is the Cleopatra piece, in which Mr. Brown as Shakespeare critic and theatre authority is further aided by Mr. Brown as historian. With Helen, we keep more to speculation; such conclusions as are drawn are sound enough, though their trend on the whole is anti-poetic. I should add that, while there is no attempt to whitewash any of these immortal delinquent women, Mr. Brown shows a trend to fair play and justice.

HELEN, for instance, so far as it can be proved, was guilty of only one post-marital lapse: that this was the nominal cause of a ten-year war was her bad luck. Her goings-on at their worst, Mr. Brown points out, pale beside those of the rest of her blood-stained family.

Helen's swan heredity has been gone into thoroughly. "Greek husbands of the Saga Period may well have given up hope of fidelity in their wives. With Zeus on the lookout in his Olympian gazebo, married men and fathers must have been accustomed to the arrival of strange birds and beasts with a dangerous look in their eyes and to the subsequent arrival of uncovenanted offspring." The depravities attributed to Sappho more than possibly did not take place at all: Mr. Brown pictures for us an enchanting married headmistress—not lovely and somewhat stumpy in figure—of a young ladies' academy devoted to dancing, poetry and the civilized arts. Nor does her flowery island deserve ill fame, which may have been heaped on it through sheer envy—Lesbos enjoyed an ideal climate!

Who was Shakespeare's Dark Lady, who drove that fever into the troubled Sonnets, and whose black orbs and snow-white forehead are, Mr. Brown believes, reflected in more than one of the plays? The most likely candidate seems to be Mary Fitton, Elizabeth I's tempestuous maid of honour—we meet, but reject, the Oxford innkeeper's wife. By and large, the most serious accusation brought against any of these *femmes fatales* is that of careerism. One must state that Cleopatra, at the outset the coolest hand of the lot, by the end emerges totally cleared of it. Her and Antony's passion was not trumped up by the poets; historic actuality bears it out.

I do not fear that *Dark Ladies* will lack readers. Mr. Brown says this is not a book for specialists; his manner, throughout, is kindly, urbane and light—only an idiot, however, could underrate the scholarship which has gone to these four studies, and the acumen and sanity of the findings.



ANTHONY GLYN's third novel is **The Ram In The Thicket** (Hutchinson, 15s.). In its own right an excellent piece of work, it deserves to profit by the repute gained for him by his biography of his grandmother: his *Elinor Glyn*, you'll recall, swept the country a season or two ago. This still young writer looks like forging ahead, and one should celebrate his return to fiction. He has what it takes—individuality, drive, life-experience, and the authentic touch.

This story involves the conflicts and the decisions involved in being a young man alive today. The narrator, Hugo Pemberton, aged twenty-eight, finds his career not so much helped as bedevilled by his family firm, owners of a sugar plantation on the West Indian island of Natividad. Here, carefully shorn of privileges which could in any way smack of favouritism, he has for eighteen months worked as an overseer—separated, meanwhile, from his enchanting wife. His return on leave to England is fraught with tension—what is to be his future? His cousin, Justin Pemberton, a director (and a character fiendishly well drawn) shows a wonderful way of avoiding statements.

And there is to be the reunion with Diana, and the taking up again of family life—not made easier by roaring twins. The London scenes, and the marriage arguments, are tersely but none the less feelingly chronicled. And Diana, by temperament a career girl, has her say. *The Ram In The Thicket* holds one by an excitingness which is always under control, never overstressed; the characters (with the exception of awful Justin) are likeable: one minds what happens to them. And most telling is the explosive climax! The origin of the title may be obscure if your scriptural knowledge has so far lapsed that you forget the Isaac-Abraham story.



MISS VALERIE WHITE, the distinguished actress now appearing in "Subway In The Sky" at the Savoy, has just published a thriller "Lost Person" (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.)



PICASSO'S "Woman In Armchair" (left), and "Ploughing The Downs" (below) a work of the author, from "Oil Painting" by James Bateman, R.A. (Studio Publications, 25s.)





Michel Molinare

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

IN the spring the young woman's fancy frequently turns to thoughts of hats. Small, large, plain, fancy, flowered and veiled or theatrically bizarre, there is no doubt that a new hat is a fine thing for the morale. This year they are prettier than they have been for some time. Here we show two exotic creations by Svend, the lines of which will no doubt be reproduced in London in a less exaggerated form to suit the quieter taste of the Englishwoman. Above: a wide, high crowned coolie hat in fine natural straw with a fern-like trimming. Opposite: melon-shaped toque in petalled black silk

SPRINGTIME FOR ADVENTURE





YELLOW satin cotton dress by Spectator Sports, simply and chunkily cut, having a round neck, wide belt and full skirt with patch pockets. It costs 8½ gns. at Chanelle, early April



GREY and yellow floral printed cotton dress by Dorville has an attractive wide neckline gathered to a tie, and a flared pleated skirt. Price 9 gns. at Dickins & Jones, Regent St.

Mixing to perfection

COCKTAIL TIME

A DELICIOUS cocktail dress by Frank Usher (opposite page) in flame coloured screen printed Sudan satin cotton. Its strapless bodice has a plain pointed centre panel from which the top is tucked and draped. Price 16½ gns. at Hunt's, Bond St. and branches

FOR THE SLIM and sophisticated, this sheath dress by Spectator Sports (below) is in dark grey jersey. Beautifully tailored, it has a pretty stand-away vee neckline and a draped silk cummerbund. This dress costs 12 gns. and is obtainable from Chanelle, Knightsbridge, early April







THE ENCHANTING light-as-air evening dress by Julian Rose (above) is an ideal choice for a young girl's first Season. In white organdie, it has a square topped bodice with delicate shoulder straps, a billowing, tiered skirt and scalloped bands of navy embroidery and slotted navy ribbon encircle the waist and skirt

Youthful wardrobe for summer occasions



A HIGH-WAISTED wide-necked dress with full skirt and short jacket (not shown) in blue printed shantung. A delightful two-piece from the Jacqmar International Collection, price 33 gns.

CARAMEL COTTON day dress by Victor Stiebel (below) with a portrait neckline and wide pleated skirt. Beautifully cut; £6 7s. 6d. at Woollands



TANGERINE poplin goes to make this button-through dress with wide neckline, designed by Victor Stiebel of Jacqmar for his new wholesale collection. Approx. £5 at Dickins & Jones



ALSO FROM Victor Stiebel's wholesale collection is this dress in coarse weave red and white cotton. It has a full pleated skirt and very pretty bodice. Approx. £7 2s. 6d. at John Barker's



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

FLOWER PRINTED

THIS black dress and its matching jacket are highlighted with this season's popular fabric—the flower print. Made by Henri Gowns, the slender dress in black worsted crepe has an attractive buttoned bodice sashed and bowed in a pure silk shadow print. The straight hip-length jacket has a lining and round rever collar in the same charming print. Approx. 35½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford St. and Leicester. Wide beige hat made of fine straw with back-swept brim is by Otto Lucas



These lovely Venetian cocktail glasses are available in green and yellow, and are obtainable from Asprey. For the set of six the price is £5



For the small apartment or large party this space-saving idea of stacking half a dozen glasses on a gimbel stand is Asprey's. £9 5s.

Flying start for the celebration party

WHEN the time comes for that special cocktail party, table appointments like these will help to lift it right out of the rut

—JEAN CLELAND



This silver-plated wine cradle, resembling a cannon, is complete with screw adjustment and wheels. It costs £12 10s. From Asprey



This magnetic bottle opener has a whangee handle. It is obtainable from Asprey for £2 15s.



Dennis Smith

Silver-plated bottle-pourers, £2 5s. 6d. each. A pair of E.P.N.S. tongs useful for ice or cakes costs £1 14s. 6d. Finningans



This set of savoury forks complete with their novel stand are priced at £5. They may be bought from Asprey & Co., New Bond Street



An interesting cocktail tray shaped like a painter's palette has six glasses also featuring the artist motif. £8 12s. 6d., Finningans



Beauty

The hair stylists speak

CONTINUING with the all-important subject of hair styles for the spring, about which I wrote in last week's issue, I now complete the "double bill" with pictures and views from four more of the leading stylists.

Two of these, French of London, and Steiner, are Associate Members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, and both played an important part in the first combined collection of associate members' work given recently at Grosvenor House.

Their hair styles were shown by various models, with and without hats, and as I watched them parading I found myself wondering which comes first, the hair or the hat. Is the hair style chosen to suit the "titfer," or is it the other way round? Later, I spoke to both French of London and Steiner, and asked them their views about this tricky question, and also about hair styles and trends for the spring.

FRANCHE of London was very definite about the sequence of hair and hat. "A woman," he said, "wears a hat only part of the day. Her hair style is with her *all* the time, therefore it must come first. She can then choose a hat to suit it. This should not be difficult, as you will find that designers of model hats create them to follow the trend in hair styles, so that one is complementary to the other."

As regards the spring, he predicts that hair will be smooth, reaching to just below the ears and shaped so that it can easily be adapted from day to evening wear. For special evening occasions hair will be dressed with jewelled accessories such as large chignon pins, buckles, etc. Accent will be on colour, with new colour rinses, and false nylon switches.

Steiner was in agreement about the hair coming before the hat. "After all," he said, "the coiffure is part of the woman, so it must be styled to suit her." For the spring he is concentrating on the "Groomed Look," and is of the opinion that hair will be a little shorter. "A woman," he says, "should not only look well groomed when she leaves the hairdresser, but this look should last until the next visit." Important colour developments for 1957 are based upon a discovery through which Steiner is able to *de-colour* the hair right down to what he calls the "Ice Stage." By this means he can achieve some beautiful pastel shades which hitherto have only been possible when the hair was predominantly white.

ANDRE BERNARD's news is of a wider range of hair coloration, which includes high-lighting, rose pastel, plum rinses and rose grey. With the latest technique, highlights and lovely combinations of colour can be achieved in twenty minutes. Hair styles at this salon will be shorter, allowing for a greater variety of movements, based on their successful "ripple" cutting.

Alan Spiers also stresses the advantages of short hair, which, he says, will influence all spring hair fashions. His latest styles will have an Edwardian influence, and have been designed into three practical dressings, all of which are upswept. As regards colour, the emphasis is on softness and naturalness. "Mushroom Pink" is a tint that basically gives this natural warmth, while "Rose Pink Platino" rinse is taking the place of the harsher blues on greying hair. Petalled flowers, jewelled clips, "knobble pins" and crystal clips are among the latest adornments for the hair, and these can all be obtained from Alan Spiers.

—Jean Cleland



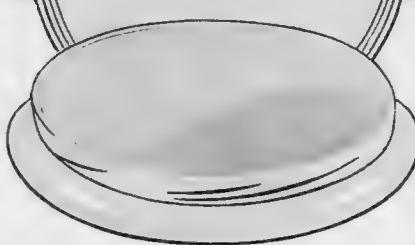
THE VICTORIAN ERA is evoked by French of London's evening style "Cameo," in which the hair is brushed smoothly from a centre parting and turned softly towards the face. It has a chignon



SCULPTURED elegance describes Alan Spiers's "Swan Line," though it has also supple softness. Immaculately smooth, even fine hair can easily be dressed to hold this line



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Miss Valda Solna Deirdre Rogerson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, of Guildenhurst Manor, Billinghurst, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. Timothy John Shuttleworth Nicolson, youngest son of Sir Kenneth and Lady Nicolson, of Norton Bavant Manor, Warminster, Wilts



Fayer



Pearl Freeman
Miss Janet Rutherford, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. B. Rutherford, of Assendon Lodge, Henley-on-Thames, is engaged to Capt. Henry Francis Gibbs, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Rev. F. A. W. Gibbs, M.C., and Mrs. Gibbs, of Ampney St. Peter, Cirencester



Pearl Freeman
Miss Judith Chisholm Tompkins, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lance Tompkins, of Taunton Victoria Street, Hamilton, N.Z., is to marry Mr. Timothy James Doyle, only son of Lt.-Col. J. B. H. Doyle, M.C., R.E., and Mrs. Doyle, of The Green, Twickenham, Middlesex



Fayer
Miss Joanna Adams, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Adams, of Cranmer Court, London, S.W.3, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Laurence Bowring Stoddart, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Stoddart, of Cheddington Manor, near Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire



Pearl Freeman
Miss Prudence Meath Baker, daughter of the late Mr. Francis Meath Baker and of Mrs. Brooksbank, of Hasfield Court, Glos, is to marry Mr. Anthony Houlton Salt, who is the son of the late Cdr. Sir John Salt, Bt., and of Stella, Lady Salt, of Park House, Cookham, Berkshire

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Martin Hürlimann—published
by Thames and Hudson

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Motoring

LEADING LADY RALLYIST

IT is hard to say which parts of Miss Sheila Van Damm's book, *No Excuses*, make the more entertaining reading; those concerned with rally driving and racing, or those concerned with the Windmill Theatre. If I, personally, got more from the motoring sections, it is because they stand, in relation to the theatrical sections, in the same relationship as the white horses stood to the black on the nigger minstrel's farm. It will be recalled that the white horses ate more than the black horses, and that this curious fact was explained by the circumstance that there were more white horses.

The rally driver lives in a world in which the frightening and the funny are often in close consort. When a car doing seventy meets an eight-wheel lorry with trailer on sheet ice, and both start spinning, a sickening sort of fear becomes the dominant emotion; but if they whizz by one another, missing by centimetres, and no harm done, the subsequent reaction is hilarity. Few can resist the strange but intoxicating humour of the phenomenal avoidance. Miss Van Damm recounts such occasions with zest and usually contrives to slip in the apt comment of the bystander, or of the sleepy co-driver, which often triggers the laughter.

To the serious side of rally driving this book contains much that is pertinent. It sheds light on the odd mixture of resolution, persistence, judgment, manual dexterity, courage and plain luck that brings success in the most difficult competitions. Here are accounts of the Alpine and the Lisbon events, of the Tulip Rally and, of course, the Monte Carlo. There is also a chapter on the Mille Miglia.

In this book she contrives to convey to the reader a slightly humorous, uninhibited approach to life. The title, by the way, is taken from a saying attributed to Norman Garrad: "Keep your mind on the job, the car on the road, and remember—*there are no excuses*." The book is published by Putnam (16s.). It has many good illustrations.

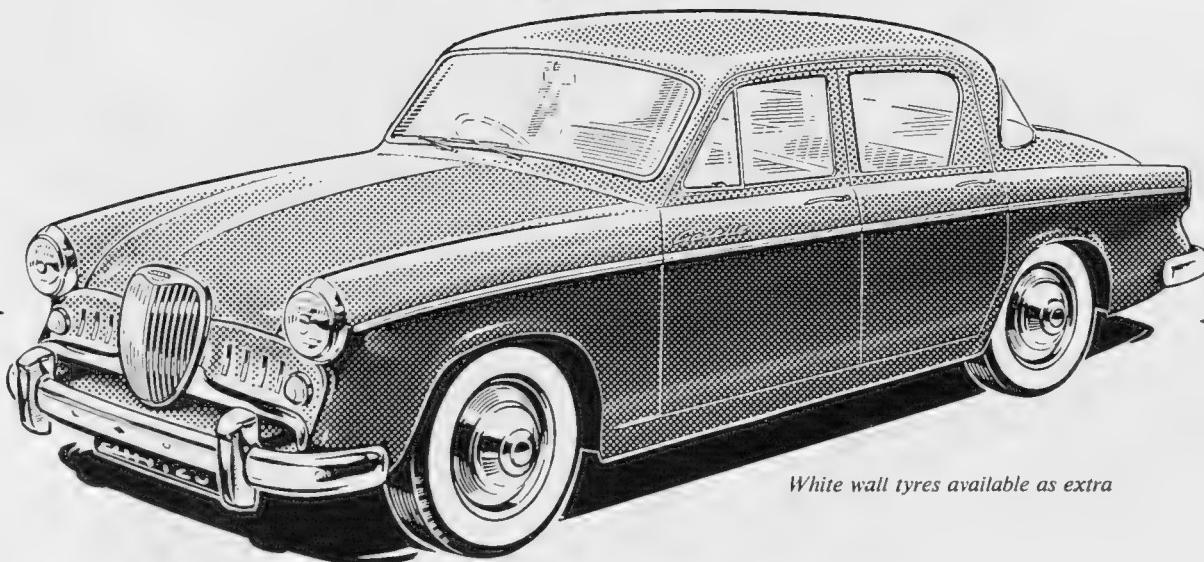
By the time these notes appear we shall be better informed about exactly what Geneva has to show. At the time of writing, however, I have no more than the exhibition plans of British manufacturers who have been kind enough to send them to me well in advance. As I hope to visit the show, however, it is better to leave a full discussion until a later date. Meanwhile the programme of exhibits includes the new Vauxhall Victor and the latest products of other large scale manufacturers in the United Kingdom.

Eighteen Ford models are there, among them two Zodiacs. Convertible models of the Zephyr and of the Zodiac are in the list. Then there is a cutaway exhibit showing the recently introduced automatic transmission for the Zephyr and Zodiac.

—Oliver Stewart

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DINING OUT

Rural pleasures

If you take over a property which was once an inn and merits a licence, but which for many years has rested in obscurity as a gardener's cottage, and decide to reopen it as an inn, you have a mammoth problem on hand, especially if it is in a small village in the country.

You can clean it up and put in the necessary equipment and stocks of drink to open the doors one day and serve half a pint or a large Scotch, or you can really "go to town" regardless and turn it into something quite outstanding. This last is what Ewan and Phyl Shaw have done with the Wild Duck Inn at Ewen, 3½ miles south of Cirencester in the County of Gloucester.

That is not surprising, because they were once resident directors of the Cross Hands Hotel at Old Sodbury, another ancient inn, and quite apart from having British and Continental chefs there and an enormous stock of wines, they put on such a performance at Christmas that you might well have imagined that Henry VIII had returned with his entourage to feast mightily and roister away the hours.

The Wild Duck has great charm, with garden walls of Cotswold stone, rooms and bars full of oak beams and huge open fireplaces, with a restaurant specializing in its sea foods and its grills with vegetables straight out of the garden into the kitchen. They boast: "It is for you to choose and for us to prepare, so that you will discover that nothing, be it in glass or on platter, that appeals to you is beyond our compass."

THE wine list consists of wines which have obviously been chosen with great care and knowledge, with an introduction by André Simon. It includes a special pale medium dry "Wild Duck" sherry, bottled for them by Harvey's of Bristol.

Not content with all this they got Peter Scott to do the inn sign (two wild ducks in flight) and have an additional illuminated clock sign, devised for them by the people responsible for the fabulous Guinness Clock at the Festival of Britain in 1951. It consists of a large panel with the name of the inn at the top and below it a contemporary clock face. Around the outside of the dial, forming a semicircle, are seven panels inset with paintings of ducks in flight, modelled on Peter Scott's drawings. As the seconds tick by, the panels are illuminated one by one, giving the impression of a duck flying across the sign.

The chef is G. T. Parsons who came from the Amberley Inn, and the maître d'hôtel is M. van Delden who was at the Berners Hotel for fifteen years.

I HAVE never gone in for making home-made wine, although I know a large number of people get a great deal of amusement and interest out of it. If I ever do venture into this field I shall certainly rely on Mrs. Gennery-Taylor, whose book, *Easymade Wine And Country Drinks*, has just been published (Elliot Right Way Books, 7s. 6d.). Recipes for making nearly seventy different wines are described in the most simple manner, and quite apart from wine there is nothing, it appears, to stop you from making Marrow Rum, Marrow Whisky, and heaven knows what else.

—I. Bickerstaff



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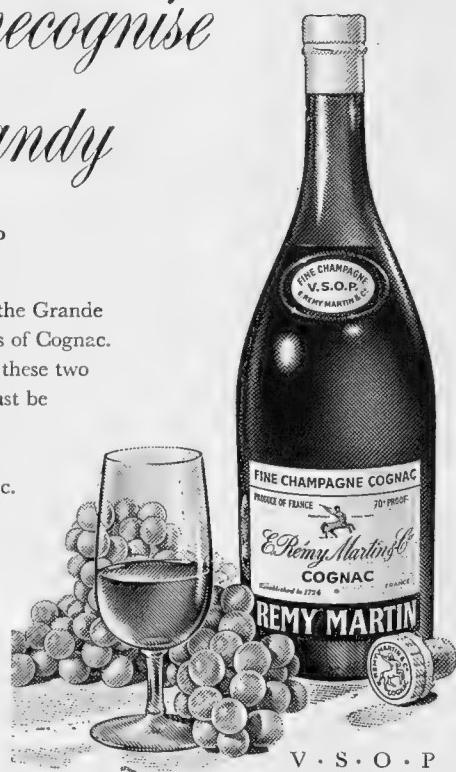


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REMY MARTIN



DAINTY DISH. A chapter heading from Time-Saving Cooking, by Helen Cox (Odhams, 8s. 6d.), a most useful book to all whose kitchens must be organized on a split-second basis

DINING IN

Frugal flavours

MORE and more readers request recipes for light, simple dishes for the family and for easy entertaining and, above all, dishes with something of a "Continental flavour." I note the growing popularity of fish soups. Indeed, one manufacturer of packet soups is producing a *Soupe de Poisson* for the catering trade. If the public's reaction to this is favourable, it will, in due course, be available in grocers' shops.

This reminds me that one of the most delicious creamy soups I have made during the past thirty years, ever since I came to this country, is Cream of Haddock Soup made from smoked haddock stock—the by-product, as it were, of smoked haddock for breakfast or "high tea."

Cover the washed haddock with milk, add a few dabs of butter, and cook gently in a slow oven. The strained stock, with the addition of more milk, slightly thickened with a white roux and tinged with a pinch of paprika, makes a most pleasant soup, especially if a little of the flaked fish is added.

KEDGEREE was a favourite dish in Victorian times and one that we might well revive. Smoked haddock seems to be a "natural" for it, although salmon figured more frequently in the dish a hundred years ago.

For four to five servings, boil a teacup of Patna rice. Drain it well and spread it out on a linen cloth to dry. Meanwhile, gently simmer a good-sized smoked haddock ($1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb.) in water. Remove the skin and bones and flake the flesh.

Melt 2 to 4 ounces of butter in a largish pan and in it gently simmer a finely chopped onion. Add the rice and flaked fish and gently turn them over and over, taking care not to break the fish. Add the chopped whites of two hard-boiled eggs and, at the last minute, two to three tablespoons of double cream (but top milk will do). Serve "in a heap" with chopped parsley and the coarsely sieved egg yolks sprinkled on top.

To make a little more of this Kedgeree, scatter a small carton o' shrimps through the mixture.

FOR a long time now I have wanted to give you Pineapple Yvonne. Do see that you get the best quality pineapple. (Some kinds have little more flavour than a turnip.)

For six to seven people, drain the juice from a large tin of pineapple rings and measure it into a pan. For $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint juice, allow $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. best quality full-strength powdered gelatine. Sprinkle it over the surface and leave it to swell. Cut the pineapple rings into small wedges and place all but a dozen of the best-shaped ones into a glass trifle dish. Warm the juice until the gelatine is dissolved, but do not boil.

Beat together 2 to 3 oz. vanilla sugar or caster sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence (depending on the amount of juice), two egg yolks and a pinch of salt. Stir the cooled pineapple-gelatine liquid into the mixture. Whip the egg whites very stiffly and fold them over and over in the "custard." You can now pour the foamy mixture over the wedges in the dish, when the frothy pale cream whites will rise, leaving a layer of custard jelly underneath. Or, if you wait until the first mixture is barely lukewarm and then fold the beaten egg whites into it, the jelly will be distributed all the way through the sweet.

In about fifteen minutes, decorate the sweet with the reserved pineapple wedges. Form a Maltese cross in the centre of the top, with a glacé cherry in the centre of it. Space the remaining wedges around the edge. Cut folded angelica into strips $\frac{1}{8}$ in. wide, open each into a "V" and arrange one in each space between the outer wedges.

—Helen Burke



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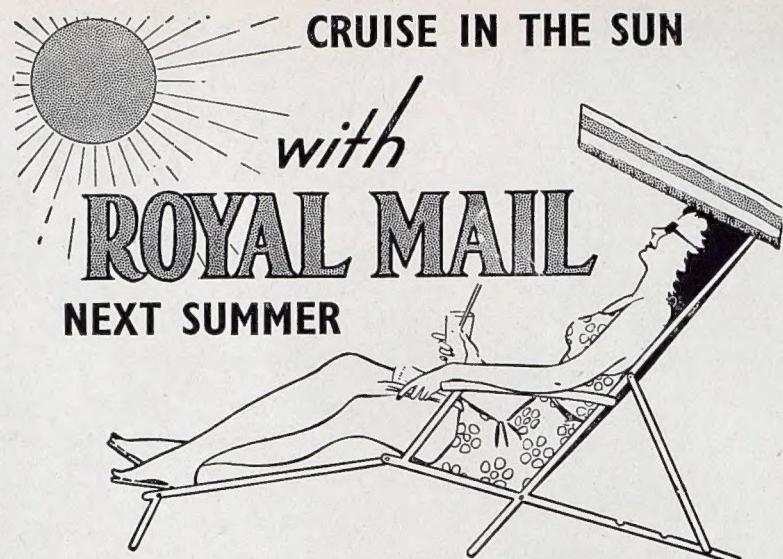
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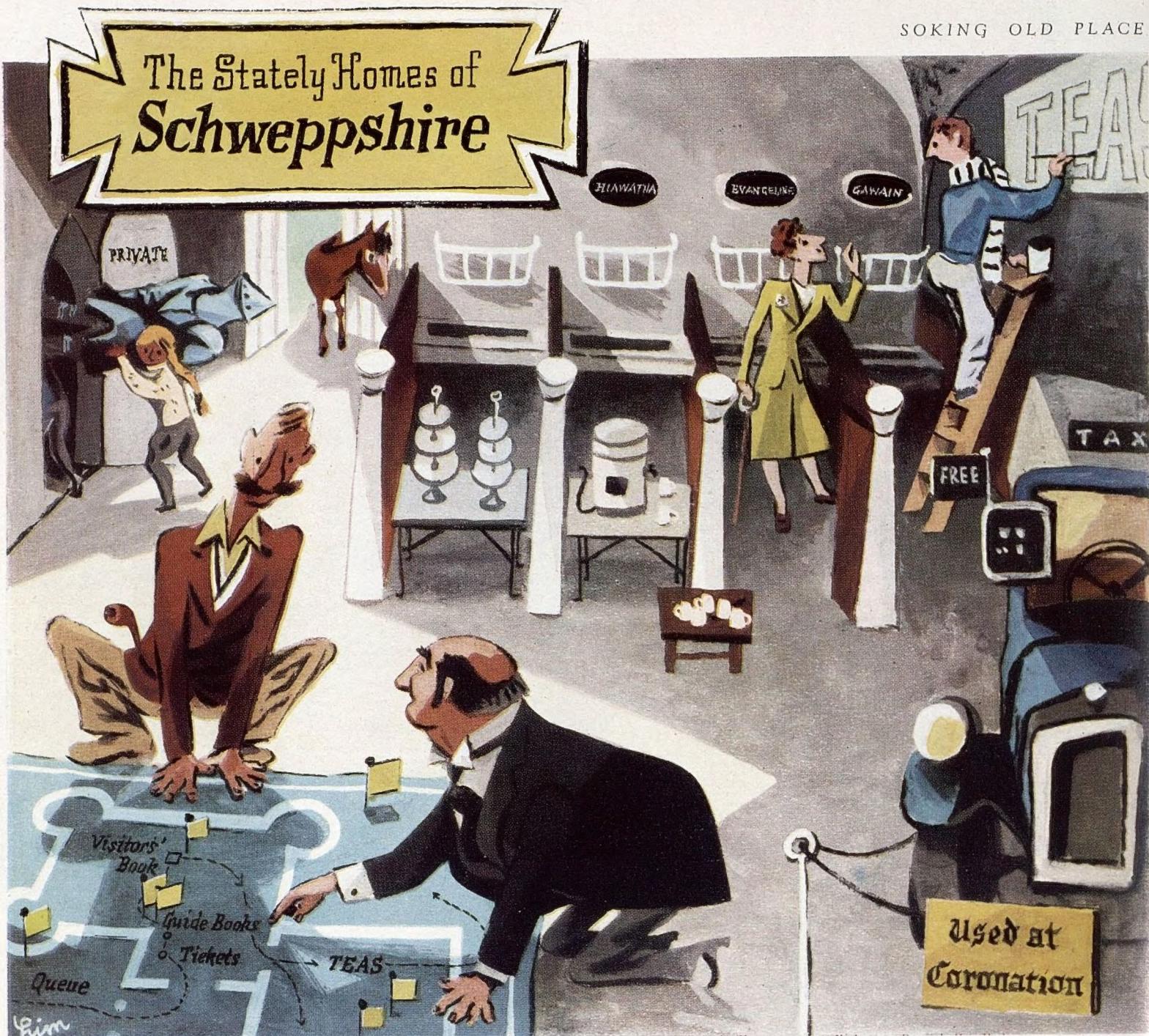
THE SUBMARINE BASE IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR. At the entrance of Haslar Creek, close by the famous training ship Foudroyant, is the principal "base ship" for submarines—a shore station from which this scene is viewed. The submarine coming in to her moorings is H.M.S. Acheron—an A-class vessel with eight 21-inch torpedo tubes. The "snort", which admits air to the submarine when it is submerged to periscope depth, can be seen above the conning tower.

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SOKING OLD PLACE



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First let us give you this pre-season glimpse of Soking Old Place, open to the public this year. Bits of it really are quite stately, and when we scraped the beam in the scullery and found a sort of lumpy pattern, Palimpeschwest had a paragraph about our "carved soffit" with its "genuine ham and eggs moulding". And if the new tenants of Wett Chamberlayne can "throw open their gardens" (half an acre of weeds and a strong smell of fermenting grass clippings) why not us? To make it more "for the people" there is the suit of genuine stage armour, which we bought specially at Yarmouth, to go with the two Roman pots; and the taxi which took us to the coronation is preserved in the stables and may be sat in for an extra threepence.

In the picture we are planning not to cut out the tool shed but put *To the Armoury* on it in Gothic type. Old Mr. Carter has taken the split infinitives out of our Guide, which should show a profit now that the back page has been bought by Chez Maison Doris, the Soking dress shop, though the picture they have chosen for their advertisement is rather a curious one. There is a genuinely newly discovered secret panel which turns out to have been put in to supply the telephone extension to the top floor, sub-let to Mr. Carter. As he is only seen occasionally at windows we are thinking of saying that that part of the house is shut off, slightly suggesting a family curse, if not an Old Soking Monster.

Written by Stephen Potter : designed by George Himm